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## Select Poetry.

### UPWARD AND ONWARD.

BY S. W. HAZELTINE.

Upward—onward never weary
In the path thou shouldst pursue;
Though thy sley be cloudy, dreary,
Sunny smiles will soon break through,
If thou art but persevering,
Sure thou'lt conquer all at last;
Then look upward never fearing,
Onward! though the storm falls fast.

Sometimes comes a day of sorrow,
Sometimes comes a night of pain;
Never mind perhaps to morrow
Life will be all bright again!
And in vain is harsh repining,
Or a tear, or groan, or sigh;
Though the sun has ceased its shining,
Hope should yet illume the sky.

Frowns will not make burdens lighter,
Neither make thy heart more gay;
Think the sun may shine the brighter,
When the storm has passed away!
What though troubles you encounter!
Care is known by every one;
Upward onward, nerve thee stouter,
And the storm, will soon be done!

Upward—onward; let this ever
Be thy watchword here below;
And whatever fate betide thee,
Thou wilt conquer all, I know.
For the heart that's persevering
Never yet was known to fail;
Then though adverse winds assail thee,
Do not sit down to bewail!

But be hopeful, and remember
That the darkest hour of night
Is before the pleasant morning
Comes with soft and dewey light.
Upward—onward—perseverance
Will be master in the end:
And though enemies assail thee,
He will make them all to bend.

### THE CAPTAIN AND THE PIRATE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Quite a number of years ago, I slipped on board the Waldmear bark, bound to Calcutta, and from thence to Canton.—She was a good craft enough, and had been a profitable one to her owners, though she was by no means a fast sailer. Her first point of excellence lay in her strength of endurance, she being what is technically termed "an excellent seaboat." Her captain for the present cruise was a new man, and a perfect stranger to the crew. He owned the somewhat odd name of Buffe Stark.

Captain Buffe Stark was a middle-aged man, and as powerful in his build as a lion. His shoulders were massive in their breadth and thickness, and his neck was so thick that it formed nearly a straight outline from the bottom of the ear to the bend of the shoulder. His countenance was indicative of the basest passions, though, in fact, there was much intelligence lurking about the deep lines of his dark features. He had written recommendations from several Mobile firms, and upon the strength of these he was placed in command of the bark, he having first, however, undergone an examination in seamanship and navigation. Ship-masters were at that time scarce, and hence the owner felt pleased to think they had secured so efficient a captain. They did not have time to send on to Mobile to find if Buffe Stark's recommendations were genuine, for, if they had, in all probability Stark's chance would have been a slim one.

The bark had a good crew of twenty-five men, all told, and I soon found that they all entertained pretty much the same opinion in regard to the captain. Even Isaac Wales, our first mate, shook his head with a dubious expression, when Stark first came on board.

The Waldmar had not been at sea a week before Captain Stark began to show himself as he really was. He beat the men without provocation, and seemed to desire to make himself as disagreeable as possible. We soon found that he had laid in a great quantity of liquor for his own use, and this was by no means calculated to make him kind or gentlemanly. He was never what could generally be termed drunk, but yet he was almost constantly under the influence of liquor. He proved himself to be a good seaman, and a fair navigator, though we were not long in discovering that Mr. Wales was far his superior in the latter respect.

One dark night during the mid-watch, the captain came on deck and went to the wheel. The bark was then close-hauled upon the larboard tack, though she had freedom enough to carry a slackbowline. The first mate had the deck.

"Mr. Wales," said the captain, "call all hands to tack ship."

"Why, sir," returned the mate, much surprised at his order, "she lays her course now, and has nearly a point to spare."

"Call all hands, I say," exclaimed Stark, in a savage tone.

"But, sir," urged Wales, there's no need."

"Silence, sir. Clap a stopper on that jaw of yours, or I'll level you. Call all hands and 'about ship. Let the lazy whelps have something to do."

The mate stood where the light of the binnacle shone upon his face, and I could see that he was pale, and that his lips trembled. Yet he moved not to obey the orders he had received.

"You wont, eh?" hissed Stark, interpreting the mate's silence to suit himself. "Take that, then. I'll see who commands here."

As he spoke, he sprang upon the mate, and with one blow of his massive fist he knocked him down. His next movement was towards the forcastle companion-way, where he sang out for all hands to come on deck, and as soon as they were all up, he returned to the wheel, and having ordered his men to take their station for tacking ship, he went down to his cabin. When he returned, he had evidently drank again, and he bore in his hands a pair of heavy pistols.

"Now, men," he shouted, in tones that plainly showed that his tongue was thick from the effects of alcohol, "I am going to exercise you. I want to see how you can handle a ship in the dark. The first man among you who disobeys dies upon the spot. Mark that! Now—ready about!"

The men knew with whom they had to deal, and they dared not disobey.—They saw the demon captain standing in the light of the binnacle lamp, and they felt sure he would shoot any one who showed signs of insubordination. The mate still lay upon the deck insensible, but no one dared to go to his assistance.

The bark was put about, and then she was put back again upon the laboard tack. By this time Mr. Wales had recovered and got upon his feet. Again the captain ordered the men to tack ship, and once more she was put back upon her original course.

"There," growled Stark, with a scowl of satisfaction, "that is to pay you for grumbling yesterday." And then, without speaking to his mate, he turned and went below."

Cautiously the men gathered about Mr. Wales, but he was too much agitated to pass any opinion upon what had occurred. There was a large dark spot just below his right temple, where the iron fist had struck him, but he told the men that he was not hurt, and, having told the off watch that they might go below, he went to the hen-coop and sat down.

This affair produced a deep sensation upon the crew, and more than one man whispered the thought of giving Stark a hoist over the side; but had this been generally agreed to, it would have been a hard plan to carry out, for the brutal captain always went armed, and he had his eyes open for danger. He knew the feelings which the crew entertained towards him, and this seemed to make him exult the more in his cruelty. He was in short one of those men very seldom met with who seem to take a delight in torturing their fellows. His nature was beastly, and his former life had evidently been of a stamp to develop the demon in him.

Between the captain and the mate there passed no more words save such as were absolutely necessary in the pursuance of business, until after the bark had entered the Indian ocean. Between those two men there was a deep seated animosity, and heaven knows that on the mates side it was just. Stark knew that the men sympathized with Wales, and he allowed no opportunity to pass without inflicting annoyance upon the crews favorite officer. But things were soon to come to a climax.

One bright morning when the bark was off St. Mary, the southern cape of Madagaster, Mr. Wales had command of the watch. Captain Stark came up from his cabin and having stood by the wheel a few moments, he turned towards his mate.

"Seems to me you've made poor logs this last three hours," he said with an oath which we have no desire to transcribe.

"The bark has made as good headway as usual," returned Wales, in a tone made tremulous by the emotion that moved him.

"You lie," rejoined Stark with another oath.

"If you were a gentleman, sir, I would take some notice of your insults; but I will not stoop to wrangle with a brute."

Mr. Wales spoke in a low hushed tone, and his face was ashy pale. He was a slim, delicate man, or, at least he appeared so when compared with the giant captain; but his soul was stung now, and he looked the brute in the face.

Never before had we seen the captain look so perfectly savage as he did then. The blood even left his face, a phenomena which no circumstance had ever produced before in our sight. He gazed for a full minute upon the mate, and then he turned and went down to his cabin. After he had gone, Mr. Wales stood with his arms folded across his breast and his eyes bent upon the deck.

'What do you think he means to do?' whispered Asa Rodgers, the second mate.

"I don't know," calmly returned Wales. "He may do what he pleases, but I will stand his insults no longer."

"And by the heavens above me, the crew will stand by you—every man of them," uttered Rogers. "If he dares to lay a hand upon you, we will fasten to him."

The mate grasped Rodgers hand, and as he looked around upon the crew, who had all moved on to that quarter deck, we could see that he looked grateful.

At this moment captain Stark returned, and bore in his hands a pair of heavy polished silver-mounted pistols. He approached the mate and extended the butt of one of the ptstols.

"Here take it," he said. The blood had returned to his face and his nerves were steady.

Instinciively Mr. Wales took the pistol and as he did so, the captain drew a third from his pocket.

"This," he said, raising the silver-mounted pistol, "is for you. And this" he added holdiug up the other and cocking it, "is for the first man who dares to interfere, Now go forward Mr. Wales—clear away to the cathead, sir—and I will give the word when to fire. Either you or I must die. No man shall call me a brute in the presence of my crew, and live. Go sir—you have an equal chance with me."

Mr. Wales shuddered when he saw the demon eye of Buffe Stark fixed upon him. He had a wife and children in New York, and I knew that he thought of them then. He was no hand at using the pistol, while he knew that Stark "was a dead shot."

"We all saw that there was murder in the captain's soul. He was determined to kill the mate, but he feared to lay himself accusad of the crime of premeditated murder in the presence of the whole crew. In case the fearful duel took place, we knew that Wales was a dead man.

"Come, sir, are you going, or are you too much of a coward?" cried Stark.

"I must leave a message for my wife and children, first," said Wales.

"Then hurry about it," rejoined the captain, with a look of fiendish exultation.

Wales had just turned towards Rogers, but before he could speak, one of the men who stood in the larboard gangway, reported that a sail had just hove in sight around the cape. She was a brigantine, and not more than five miles distant.—Captain Stark hurried to the binnacle and got his glass, and he gazed through it for some moments upon the brigantine.—When he lowered the glass, he had turned pale, and his limbs quivered like the leaves of the aspen.

"Jump to the braces," he shouted, in unmistakeable accents of terror. "Let go the starboard braces and round in, up with the helm handsomely. Lay the yards square, and get up the stud'n's'ls on both sides."

Stark stood by the wheel while he gave these orders, and he showed the agony which he felt. The wind was from the northwest, and the brigantine was nearly dead to windward. The bark was soon flying off to the south'rd and east'rd with the wind dead aft, and the brigantine had given chase.

As I remarked at first, the bark was not a fast sailer, and it was soon evident that the brigantine was rapidly gaining. Stark walked up and down the quarter-deck with quick, nervous strides, and great drops of perspiration gathering upon his brow. The crew were lost in wonder at his behaviour. We had reason to suppose that our chaser was a pirate, but we could not conceive how that brutal man could be so much moved by the circumstance.

In less than an hour the brigantine fired one of her bow-chassers, and the ball struck the water under our larboard quarter, throwing the spray all over our deck.

"We might as well heave to," said Mr. McWayne, our sepercargo, who had been sometime watching the pirate, for such we now knew her to be. She may sink us if she pleases."

"Then let her sink us," uttered Stark.

"But I am not so fond of being sunk," persisted the supercargo. "If we heave to and let him come up he may show us some quarter. Of course we cannot run away from him."

"I will heave to, when I think necessary," resumed the captain, in a tone which plainly indicated that he would bear no more.

Another shot came from the brigantine, and this time it came crashing through the stern, tearing off part of the taffrail, and severely wounding one of the men at the wheel; but the captain noticed it not. He only looked aloft to see if everything was drawing, and then resumed his walk.

"Captain Stark," said the supercargo, "will you dowse the stud'n-s'ls, and lay the bark to?"

McWayne was a young man, but he was a bold, firm man, and the captain stopped.

"I'll heave to on one condition," he said, "and that is, that you will fight like tigers."

"We will fight if there is need of it," returned the supercargo.

At this moment another shot came crashing along, and stove our larboard quarter-boat in, and in a few moments afterwards Captain Stark passed the order for taking in the stud'n-s'ls and heaving to. The order was quickly obeyed, and in ten minutes afterwards the brigantine came to under our lee quarter and threw her grapplings.

The pirate's deck was covered with men, and as they began to pour in all over our rail, Captain Stark called on his men to repel them. But not a man moved to obey his order. The pirate chieftain was the first to board us, and as his eye rested upon Stark, he uttered a shout of triumph.

"By my soul's salvation," he cried turning to his men, "here's the traitor.—At him!

Stark leaped back and fired his pistol, but one of the pirates who had at that instant gained the shattered taffrail, knocked the weapon up with his sword and the ball did no damage. The battle was only between Stark and the pirate, not another man of the bark's crew interfered. The gigantic captain fought with all his might, but numbers overcame him, and he was made a prisoner and bound, it seeming to have been a care on the part of the pirates not to kill him.

"Who is captain, here?" asked the buccaneer leader, in good English, but with an accent that bespoke the Spaniard.

He was the captain, answered Mr. Wales, pointing to where the exhausted man lay bound.

"And who is next in command?

"I am," said the mate.

"You don't seem to exert yourselves much in defending your vessel?"

"Because it would be useless. You are the most powerful."

"Do you know that man?" continued the pirate, pointing to Stark.

"Only that he is a brutal, cowardly villain," returned Wales.

The buccaneer smiled, and then turned towards his men, who stood in a body upon the quarter deck. There was a consultation of a few moments, and then the chief turned once more to see our mate.

"We had intended to rob you," he said, "and we mean to rob you as it is; but we will only rob you of your captain, for we would rather possess him at this moment, than all the wealth there is, on this ocean. He was once a pirate with us—he was second in command of that brigatine—and for a sum of money paid him by an English agent at Calcutta, he betrayed us. He did it partly out of revenge because he could not be captain. But we escaped from the trap he laid. *He* wont escape so easily. You may think yourselves lucky to go scot free with your cargo, and get rid of a villain at the same time."

Mr. Wales made no answer, and the pirate turned to his men and ordered them to carry Stark on board the brigan. In ten minutes afterwards the pirate was clear of us, and we were standing on our course.

Ere long we saw a dark mass run up at the brigantines foreyard and there it hung dangling in the air. Mr. Wales took the glass and looked at it.

It is Buffe Stark," he whispered.—"Thank God, he will do no more wickedness."

Isaac Wales was now captain of the bark, and a most excellent one he made We went to Calcutta, and from thence to Canton, and when we returned to Diamond Point, we learned that a piratical brigantine had just been captured by an English brig-of-war. It was the same craft that had overhauled us. Had we not reason to be thankful that she boarded us before she was captured? Mr. Wales had, at least, for after the pirate left us, we had examined the pistol which Buffe Stark had given his mate to fire—and *it contained no ball!* Surely, Isaac Wales had reason to thank God that once, at least, he had fallen in with a pirate.

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MRS. OLIVER CLYDE, of Bristol Vermont, died recently of starvation, having resolutely refused all kinds of food for thirty-three days. She had been deserted by her husband, and for some time received aid from the town.

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An indirect way of getting a glass of water at a boarding house, is to call for a cup of tea.

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### Princess Royal's Wedding dress.

The Princes Royal of England is now the "observed of all the observers."—The time rools on which is to take her to her new home and her new country. While it is passing, she is looked upon with that interest it is so natural to feel in those we are about to lose.

The Wedding robe in which she is first to be saluted in the character of wife is progressing, to be ready for the day on which is to be enacted that most heart-stirring and engrossing event.

The Princess Royal is to be married in a dress of Honiton lace, as was her august mother before her. Those who know the tedious nature of the manufacture will not be surprised to hear that its cost amounted to one hundred and fifty pounds. We are not able to say what is to be the price of the robe now in preparation, but are happy to be able to speak of its aristic design, which has been approved as well for taste as for patriotism. Its pattern is composed of our national emblems, the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock, beautifully interspersed, and producing effects equally light, graceful and elegant. When it is remembered that every bud and flower, spray and sprig, are each and all formed by the young lace-maker on the pillow resting on her knee, the amount of female labor will appear stupendous. Not the most tiny leaf, or the swelling of a single line of meandering stem, but has cost so much of human time, which is indeed, nothing less than human life.

At the same time that this exquisite and elaborate work is progressing, another robe is also engaging the time and thoughts of the Honiton lace-makers.—The design for this second piece of gossamer might also lead to the expectation that it was intended to en wrap the youthful form of a princess' bridermaids. It is adorned with lilies of the valley, as emblematic in their purity as they are graceful, the delicate hanging bells nestling under the broad leaves; nature herself being the artist, copied with so much skill by the delicate threads, guided by the dexterous fiingers.

The wedding handkerchief is also in progress. It is composed of a splendid border of most elaborate workmanship, while in the centre the royal arms of England are copied by the same process, being a perfect marvel in the lace-making art.

No wonder that the sight of the princess in the first blush of her youth, the daughter of a queen, herself a queen in expectation, surrounded by all that throws a dazzling and a blinding charm over the mortal state, should, from the very splendors of her high position, lead us to thoughts of the village girls, who, so many hours, and days, and weeks, and months, are plying with busy labors, industriously engaged in weaving her wedding robe.—*London Court Journal.*

### THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

We have rarely met with anything more peautiful than the following, which we find in an exchange paper:

"All that live must die,
Passing through nature to Eternity.

Man seldom thinks of the great event of Death until the dark shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the face of the loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence, Death is the great antagonism or life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton in all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to Paradise; and with Charles Lamb, we do not wish to lie down in the mouldy grave, even with the kings and princes for our bed fellows. But the fate of Nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or reprieve from the great Law that dooms us all to dust. We flourish and fade like the leaves of the forest, and the fairest flower that blooms and whithers in a day has not a frailer hold on life than the mightiest monarch that has ever shook the earth by his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish like the grass, and the countless multitude that swarms the world to-day will to-morrow disappear like footprints on the shore.

"Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
Each trace will vanish from the sand."

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to Fate, his betrothed Clemanthe asked if they shall not meet again to which he replies:

"I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal, of the flowing streams that flow forever; of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit hath walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gaze upon my living face, I feel there's something in the love which mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish, We shall meet again, Clemanthe."

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A RAW Irishman on his first sight of a locomotive, declared, "it's a steamboat hunting for water."

### The Business of the World.

Our secular papers during the past week have teemed with the records of mercantile failures throughout the country, the *suspension* of banks, in our midst and all around us. So far the Baltimore merchants appear to have met the storm with no very disastrous results. We have heard of no heavy failures among them. But in Philadelphia, New York and Boston the crash has been almost unparalled. Whether the crisis is past who can tell?

Our banking institutions seem to enjoy the confidence of the people, although they do not pay specie for notes over five dollars. The suspension is said to be an act of *protection* to mercantile interests at home. We are not well enough skilled in commercial finance to understand exactly how this can be; but as everybody seems to think it *is* so, we have no disposition to call it in question.

Amid this wreck if worldly speculation and worldly wealth, it is well to turn our reflections to professions more permanent. The christian man has treasures more durable than anything earth can promise—thank God! The bank of Faith never suspends. There is no increase of discounts here, nor any respect of persons. The needy are freely invited to supply their necesities; the poor to receive "imperishable riches;" the hungry to "buy wine and milk without money and with out price." Right over the entrance to this Bank are written in legible characters the conditions on which its plentious provisions are distributed—"Ask and it shall be *given* you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened!" Our surety is the ever living Advocate. Heaven and earth may pass away—all earthly schemes fail—but the word of the Lord endureth forever!—*Balt. M. Protestant.*

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THE STORY OF THE BATTLE FIELD.—A soldier was wounded in one of the battles of the Crimea, and was carried out of the field; he felt that his wound was mortal—that life was quickly ebbing away—and he said to his comrades who were carrying him:

"Put me down; do not take the trouble to carry me any further: I am dying."

They then put him down and returned to the field. A few minutes after an officer saw the man weltering in his blood, and asked him if he could do anything for him.

"Nothing, thank you."

"Shall I get you a little water?" said the kind hearted officer.

"No thank you; I am dying."

"Is there nothing I can do for you?" Shall I write to your friends?"

"I have no friends you can write to.—But there is one thing for which I would be much obliged: in my knapsack you will find a Testament—will you open it at the 11th of John, and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse that begins with "Peace." will you read it?"

The officer did so, and read the words "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Thank you, sir," said the dying man; "I have that peace; I am going to that Savior; God is with me; I want no more; and instantly expired.

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HIGH AND LOW.—A visitor going into afree school, during the half-yearly examination noticed two fiine looking boys, one of whom had taken the first prize, and the other the second.

"These are two fine looking fellows," he said to the teacher; "I suppose they belong to the highest class of society."

"That is not the way we class our boys," said the teacher. "The boy who took the first prize is the son of the man who saws my wood: the boy who took the second is the son of the governor of our State."

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☞ A modest young lady desiring a leg of a chicken, at the table, said: "I'll take the part which ought to be dressed in drawers!' A young gentleman opposite immediately said: "I'll take the part which ought to wear the bustle!" Hartshorn was immediately administered to the lady.

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☞ 'Is that the second bell?' inquired a gentleman of a sable porter at a boarding house, the other day. 'No sar!' exclaimed the darkey, 'dat am de secon' ringin' of de fust bell—we've but one bell in dis house.'

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PROGRESSIVE JEWS.—There is a split among the children of Abraham. In New York the progressive Israelites have pews, an organ, a choir, and ladies in the synagogue, after the christian fashion, while the old school chaunt as of old with their hats on, and keep the woman-kind isolated in the gallery.

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LAW is like a sieve: you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

### THE FLOWER.

BY HOWARD IRVING.

I am about to tell thee a tale, dear reader, that I hope shall move thee to pity, and teach thee a lesson of kindness and love. Wouldst thou hear it?—Wouldst thou learn the lesson it contains? Read!

There was a flower that bloomed in a rich gentlemen's greenhouse. "Twas the brightest and sweetest flower there, so delicate, so modest, and yet so beautiful, so lovely. You may not find a more handsmoe flower than this in any place where flowers grow at all. This flower always looked bright, whether the sun shone scorchingly upon it, or whether his rays were entirely intercepted by clouds; in all weathers it bloomed alike; in sunshine or in showers, it still flung its fragrance to the breeze. When the sky was clear and hot, and all other flowers were parched and withered, this flower but looked the brighter for the contrast; and when it was dark and lowering, its perfume was diffused the more abundantly around. And yet it was a delicate flower—a rude breath would cause the tear to stand in the eye, and careless touch would cause it to wither and pine for a long while in sadness. In every respect was the flower perfect.

But, ah! a change, a mournful change came o'er the lovely flower. The gardener had placed the flower in the open air, to enjoy the sun, and that his rays might dispel the chils which crept over them in the night. He set this plant apart from the rest, and in a more favorable situation, and by some unhappy mischance it escaped his memory when he removed the others to their original warm and sheltered places in the green-house. Ah! pale grew the flower when the evening damps came on. The cold dew fell gently, very gently, upon it, but its touch was more than its delicate senses could bear; and, shivering with the cold, it turned its eye once more to heaven, then, slowly, witheriug away, it sank so gently to rest that one would have thought it was but taking its accustomed slumber, after being rocked by the zephyrs to sleep. But when the gardener came, in the morning, to visit his flower, he found this, the loveliest of them all, dead upon the ground outside. *It had perished through neglect!*

Wouldst thou know that flower's name, reader? It was *affection!* for I have but spoken in parables; affection, the loveliest flower adorning the soul of man. The human heart is like the greenhouse, filled with rare exotics, and bearing the divine impress and stamp of their Creator. God. The flowers thnt grow there are Faith, Hope, Charity, Gentleness, Goodness, Meekness, Long-suffering Peace, and Joy; but the sweetest of them is *Love!* Oh, man! oh, woman! tamper not with affection; for it is in all respects like the flower,—it blooms alike in all weathers, and is ever constant in its object; but a single breath may bring a tear to its eye, and and an unkind touch may cause it to droop and wither for a long time. If thou knowest one that loves thee, oh speak not harshly to him, for now the heart is thine, and with care and kinkness thou mayest keep it thine,—but a harsh word is like the vulture that tortured Romotheus Vinctus,—it may prey on his vitals forever. A heart filled with affection, if met with coldness and scorn, repulsed, must have something to love, and will turn upon, and live in and for itself, Coldness and disdain will triumph and reign there; and however calm and composed the exterior may seem, like the flower, it will sink gently down to the cold earth, and will perish through neglect. Oh, then, be careful how you tamper with affection, for it is the fairest, the sweetest flower ever implanted in the breast.

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FIRST STEP TO RUIN.—"My first step to ruin," exclaimed a wretched youth, as he tossed from side to side on his straw bed in one corner of his prison-house, "was going fishing on the Sabbath. I knew it was wrong, my mother taught me better; my sister taught me better; my Bible taught me better: but I would heed none of them. I did not think it would come to this! I am undone! I am lost!"

What a warning in the above lines to Sabbath-breakers! The wanton desecration of that holy day may be looked upon as a light thing, by a thoughtless and frivolous young man; but it is not so.—God, in his Word and in his Providence, makes it a serious matter. It is more corrupting to the heart than many suppose. It seems to lead directly away from God; and consequently to crime, with a strange facility! Just watch the course of the *habitual* Sabbath scorner, and you will most likely see him come to some bad end. Perhaps he becomes an infidel, and says in his heart, "There is no God!" Beware of the first step to ruin.

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Economy is wealth.